THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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A Broad and Deep River of God

THE water scene on our cover is not exactly that of a river. It is a view of one of the back waters of Travancore—one of Southwest India's beauty spots.

Yet we are going to use it to drive home an inspiring truth: namely, that the Christian missionary movement is like that of a great river, broad and deep—a river that carries blessing wherever it goes: new life to old civilizations; a new spirit for the times; a transformation in human character and social action; a veritable River of God making glad the habitation of man!

We cannot overestimate the fruitful effect of real Christian thought and life within human society anywhere and everywhere. At the Christian Foreign Service Convocation held in New York Saturday, March 16—to which we refer on page 4—various Christians in positions of high authority emphasized and re-emphasized the usefulness of this great movement throughout the world.

President Roosevelt, in his radio address to the Convocation, referred to the fact that when the disciples and apostles of Christ crossed into the Western world they "wrote a new chapter in human relations, because they carried for the first time a message of brotherhood, faith, good will and peace among men." He extolled the missionaries who have always "sought to promote an international order based on human justice." He offered his greetings to the great foreign missionary meeting in the certainty that they would "help keep alive that spirit of kindliness and faith which is the essence of civilization."

Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands in her broadcast expressed her "great interest in and warm sympathy for the cause of Christian missions"—because "as a world movement, entering into intimate contact with other and unknown spheres of life, missions have greatly contributed to further comprehension and mutual understanding and appreciation, in spite of the fact that missionaries and the environment in which they labor represented deep differences of religion, spirit, cultural and social relationships, educational ideals, customs and usages."

The Belgian Ambassador suggested that because "the nations of the earth must re-arm spiritually and base their conduct on the principles of true Christianity" we invoke a new Crusade for the preservation of the principles of Christianity "which are the corner stone of all right-thinking; and the foundation of understanding and peace between nations."

Great Accomplishments at Small Expense

By Alden H. Clark

It is stimulating to note how much effective work is being done on the fields of the American Board with small expenditures.

Here, for instance, are two large hospitals in Ceylon, one general, and the other for women and children, working in coöperation with each other. For many years the only investment of the American Board in these hospitals was the salaries of the two missionary doctors in charge, yet so effective was their service and so responsive was their constituency that they were able to construct and equip with local resources building after building and to employ the increasing number of associates needed for their expanding work. Both hospitals have good nurses' training schools. They now have 246 beds, and last year had 8869 inpatients and gave 29,568 treatments.

In the emergency caused by the depression the hospital for women and children took over the salary of Dr. Curr, the physician in charge, and the general hospital took over the basal salary of Dr. Jameson. When both these doctors left the field last year and an American successor was urgently required, the hospitals out of their reserves paid most of the expense of bringing out Dr. Kennedy. The hospitals are already bearing part of his salary and the clear expectation is that they will in the near future take over a larger part. Here is a very effective medical work which is being done in a needy area by an able staff of nationals with one American associate. The total annual cost is over $50,000 and of this the American Board will furnish, in 1940, about $850.

Turn to the American College, Madura. A generation ago this college was struggling for its life as it started out ill-equipped and small. In those first crucial years the American Board supported the American missionary members of the staff and coöperated with the college in securing about $100,000 for buildings and an endowment of about $200,000. The income of this endowment was used in large measure for further developing the plant and some more gifts for this purpose were received. Now the college has a spacious campus and unusually attractive buildings—Chapel, Library, Science Buildings, Assembly and Recitation Halls, Dormitories, Athletic Fields. It also has an able faculty, four members being Americans.

Its staff and equipment are of such high order that this college was singled out for special recognition and praise by the able Lindsay Commission. The student body of nearly 600 is drawn from a wide area and now includes 56 girls.

Many able Christian leaders are being trained in this college and a powerful influence is being exerted on Indians who will play leading roles in the new India. The service of the American College, Madura, compares favorably in quality with that of Beloit, Grinnell or Carleton, but fills a far larger place in Indian education than any of these can hold in American education.

What does this institution cost the American Board? In the earlier years, as we have shown, the Board gave considerable help and support. Now, under the pressure of the depression, endowment funds are taking care of part of the cost of the American staff and local resources in India meet most of the rest of the budget. All that the American Board now gives for the support of this first-class college which is rendering far-reaching service is about $5000 a year, or about a tenth of its budget.

Look at the Philippines. This is the youngest field of the American Board. Indeed, how recent is its development can be seen from the fact that 15 years ago there were only four organized churches. Our work is in the great pioneer field of Mindanao to which immigrants are flocking from the northern islands in large numbers. Slender indeed are the resources of these immigrants and they face a hard struggle to build homes and develop farms.

From the very beginning the policy of the Board has been to stimulate the churches to support themselves at the earliest possible moment. The policy has been to give some aid to a new church when it is started, but to expect every church to be self-supporting in five years. The progress of these churches both in numbers and in self-support has been truly remarkable. Indeed, there is among them a spirit of Christian outreach and a joy in giving that put many of our western churches to shame. On every hand they are building for themselves without financial aid from the Board church buildings which begin by being small and simple but, as the community grows, are rebuilt until many of them are impressive and worthy structures. New communities and new churches are springing up constantly. The last figures indicate that there are now over 100 congregations and a communicant membership that is well over 7000.

Here is a vital and effective Christian church ministering to a rapidly increasing population. How much does the American Board put directly into this work? There are two district

missionary families at work and supported by the Board—the Tongs in the south and the Woodwards in the north—and in addition there is an appropriation of about $4000 for the work of the Church Councils, much of which is used as a revolving fund for aid to new churches.

The contributions of these churches for their own support and for their effective evangelistic service was about $13,000. By a very modest expenditure the American Board has been responsible for the development of an alert church which is exerting a vital Christian influence in an area half as large as New England and by a continuation of that expenditure is coöperating in this development.

One could give many other illustrations like these from different parts of the world. They are a clear indication of the value placed on the work of the Board by those whom we are serving. Could Christian investments be more fruitful than these?

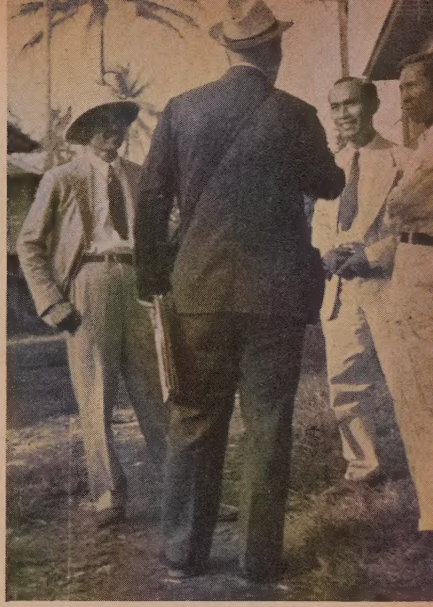
The Christian Foreign Service Broadcast

A UNIQUE foreign missionary meeting took place in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on Saturday, March 16, when at a luncheon 1000 guests listened to a world-wide radio program of tribute to the more than 10,000 Protestant missionaries of America's churches, with messages from President Roosevelt, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, and other prominent speakers. Marian Anderson, Charles Kullman of the Metropolitan Opera, and the Westminster and Tuskegee Choirs sang. The program, with a national hook-up through N.B.C., C.B.S., and M.B.S., also was transmitted by short wave to the world.

Among the distinguished guests present were Count Robert van der Straten-Ponthoz, Belgian Ambassador, who spoke, and Lord Lothian, British Ambassador. Messages came from Dr. Charles T. Leber, Dr. Charles R. Watson, and Dr. John R. Mott. Other prominent churchmen on the program were Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, D.D., who presided, Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Rev. George A. Buttrick, D.D. Dr. Emory Ross was toastmaster. Simultaneous luncheons were held in Boston and other cities.

Camera News

By
Dorothy P. Cushing



DR. HORTON'S CANDID CAMERA

Dr. Douglas Horton gets his *backing* in the Philippines from Dr. Fred Field Goodsell! Dr. Goodsell is here conferring with church leaders in Mindanao. Evidently what he is saying is both arresting and pleasing.

Christian Protestant leaders in both the Philippines and the United States are planning a united advance in their work, especially important in view of the present world situation and the pending independence of the Philippines.

These Islands, whose population exceeds that of Canada, are indeed the crossroads of cultures—Malays, Chinese, Hindus, Spanish, Americans—Oriental and Occidental, all being fused into one nation.

COÖPERATION

Rev. Christopher Chen, pastor of the Diongloh Church, China, and Rev. Arthur O. Rinden. "Such pals," says Mrs. Rinden, now in America. They work on Christian literature, walk miles in setting up leadership training courses in the villages and accomplish great results through close teamwork.

THREE WISE MEN

In winter outfits three Fenchow Bible School teachers pose for Rev. Harold S. Matthews on three of the twenty-four camels which carried coal for the mission last winter.

THEY ALL LOVE IT!

Playing in the mud. The children at the Sholapur Kindergarten, India, help build a mud hut fashioned like the homes of the poor Christians. Here they are digging.

And here are Kantya and Mumbadi in the finished hut. "They painted it white with a border of blue flowers but the rain washed it off!" writes Miss Miriam E. Rogers.

WEIGHING IN!

Very serious business. A student teacher in the Training School and small pupil. She may have said, "For goodness sakes, little girl, can't you stand still?"

THE PLAY'S THE THING

The Neighborhood House Drama Club, Ahmednagar, India, with Rev. Loy L. Long, Director. Of course you can't possibly discover Loy's blonde head! A grand bunch of young men apparently enjoying their Thespian pursuits.

NO ONE MUCH CARES?

Mt. Silinda, Africa, missionaries, especially Miss Minnie A. Tontz, R.N., care a lot about these little black babies, orphans or deserted. "We have 18 now and they are real live wires," wrote Miss Tontz recently.

Teaching the Masses of India to Read

By Harriet Wyman Wilder, Madura, India

THE Educational Commissioner of the Government of India reported for 1934–35, that of the boys who attended primary schools for three years, seventy-four per cent never attained literacy, and of the girls, eighty-seven per cent. Only ten per cent of the men can read and two and nine-tenths per cent of the women. In the decade from 1921 to 1931 there was an increase of eight-tenths of one per cent in the number of literates in India, and Frank Laubach of the Philippines estimated that it would take a thousand years to make India literate at that rate, if the population does not increase still faster! Hindus are eight per cent literate, Mohammedans six per cent and Christians twenty-eight per cent.

In spite of this apparent advantage, the situation is desperate in the church because of the present great number of conversions of illiterate groups in the villages. One Sunday about three thousand people were baptized in India; the average is four hundred a day, twelve thousand a month. A vast horde of ignorant and very poor Christians are crowding in, taking the Kingdom by storm. They will remain for generations an unmanageable herd, disgracing the name of Christ with their low standard of morality and lack of growth in grace, unless they are sanctified in the truth, which is God's Word. They must be taught to read and study the Bible. But in the face of this tremendous task, the resources in both money and men are failing the missions. Once they can read Christians do not relapse into illiteracy as others do, because they have the Sunday service, with hymns and lyrics, Psalms and Bible lessons.

Frank Laubach's visit to India brought a new impetus for educating the masses. With the help of committees of missionaries and Indians, he prepared charts for some of the languages, based on the word system he uses in the Philippines. Mason Olcott of the Dutch Reformed Arcot Mission worked on the Tamil charts and got them printed. So far he has not been able to report any marked increase in literacy through their use; with two hundred and eighty-eight syllabic letters, you really cannot make a very simple set of charts.

In his work for the Moros, Frank Laubach has a great ad-

Learning to read Tamil takes much time

vantage over us in the Tamil country, for he uses an alphabet of seventeen Roman letters. Learning to read the Tamil alphabet with its many rules for forming words is a long and arduous process. In the village schools, infants of four to six years sit on the floor and trace letters in the sand with their little brown fingers, shouting the syllables after the head boy, day after day and week after week. To master the alphabet would require ten times the time our American children take for their letters. But the Tamil child has not a tenth of the time given our children, on an average, for poverty makes it impossible for most Tamil parents to send their children to school. If they are to learn to read they must be able to do it in a few weeks or months, not years. And their parents must learn to read too. Illiterate and poor parents have little interest in education for their children.

We cannot make an alphabet of so few as seventeen Roman letters, but we can make one of twenty-eight with only twenty-one separate forms to learn. Instead of using a double page in the primer to write it we can print it in a two-inch square in big letters. Attempts to Romanize Tamil have been made in the past, but they were not adopted, perhaps because the time was not ripe for such a drastic change.

Mr. Cornelius, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Madura, invited me to speak on February 27, 1938, to the municipal teachers in his auditorium. The Officer of Education required the teachers to come and I told some three hundred men and women teachers of Madura that Mahatma Gandhi was begging that the seven per cent of educated people of India should not forbid the ninety-three per cent of illiterates to learn Roman letters and thus read their own languages. I told them that the new Congress president no

longer thought it unnationalistic to advocate Roman script for all the languages of India, since he had visited Turkey in 1934 and seen the wonderful advance in learning in that country since they abandoned the old Arabic and turned to the Roman letters. I showed them my alphabet and answered their questions and gave them each a copy of my little primer and of the Gospel of Mark.

The *Madras Mail* printed my report of the meeting, my address and also a fine editorial. The Madras *Hindu* printed a shorter report of my address, and the *Indian Christian Patriot,* a weekly in the South, published my address and several later articles. Subscribers to the *Madras Mail* have been writing letters to the editor ever since, objecting to such an innovation for various reasons. He has printed my answers in full and thus enabled me to give the public much information about the possibilities of Roman Tamil.

The Ministers for Public Health and for Public Information have spoken in favor of Roman script for Tamil. Mr. Lorbeer writes that the Assam Ministry has recently decided to use Roman letters for the hill tribes, as the missionaries have already familiarized the people with them. And he reports that the All-India Youth Conference which met in Madras in December has voted in favor of Roman script for all languages. One of his Teachers' Institutes showed great interest in Roman Tamil. A small book of hymns and lyrics with the order of services is ready to print and a part of the Book of Acts. God is answering the prayers of many Christians in America and in India, that His gospel of salvation may be made widely known.

70,000 COPIES

Will be printed of this issue of the MISSIONARY HERALD and the 20 coöperating state papers.

This is the largest circulation of any periodical published by the Congregational and Christian Churches.

New York is sending its state paper to every young person who enrolled in its three Summer Conferences last year.

In Ohio, several churches are selling copies at the church door for five cents each.

The last states to launch papers—Kansas, Pennsylvania, Georgia and Florida—have exceeded the circulation goals which they had set themselves by fifty per cent.

We ask your help in introducing this paper into every home in our constituency.

How Great Is Your God?

By Walter H. Stark
Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, Ohio

Our faith is stable when we believe in a God who is big enough to be unaffected by any discoveries which man may make. Too many of us try to go through life with a God defined and circumscribed by man. This compels us to think up arguments to defend our man-made gods from destruction at the hands of the scientists.

But let us take these bodies of ours and try to determine just what life is. We know when a body is alive and we know when it is dead, but we do not know that something which determines life or death. In recent years the functions of the body have in many cases been duplicated in the laboratory. We eat food and it digests or breaks down. We can place food in a test tube and watch the same process taking place artificially. We know that certain glands in the body produce substance necessary to life, and some of these substances can now be produced artificially.

The human brain throws off waves of electricity, or something which appears to be electricity, sufficient to be recorded on delicate instruments. If you have ever had a cardiograph made of your heart action and have seen the lines recorded on the strip of paper in the machine, you have seen your own heart pattern in terms of electric energy generated by it. Science is breaking down the action of the human body in forces which can be studied, but even though some day life will be completely understood there still remains that force we call God and who is responsible for life.

If man's faith is projected to a God who is greater than all things, nothing man can discover will shake that faith. Instead it only makes God more wonderful. If man's faith is in a God who is circumscribed in terms and theologies laid down by human minds whose thinking was done in very limited areas, then of course such a God will be destroyed. In reality we have two Gods. One is the God represented in our greatest conception, and the other is the real God towards whom we are projecting our thoughts. In this sense there is a God we make and another God who makes us. Joshua thought he knew all about the sun. It appeared every morning and raced across the heavens and disappeared at

night. The Bible story of how he prayed that the sun would stand still so he could have sufficient time to completely whip his enemies is very interesting, especially as his prayer was granted. But it was hard on those people to the West who were waiting for the sunrise. Nevertheless, such outworn conceptions do serve as mountain peaks in human experience to which we can look back and realize that we have made some progress.

Recently we sat in with a group of ministers who were discussing the fine points of conducting public worship. When the subject of the pulpit prayer came up, most of them testified that they always wrote out their prayers very carefully some days before the service. Just when did those prayers reach God? When they were conceived in the mind of the writer, or when they appeared on paper, or was there some delayed process so that God first heard about them on the following Sunday morning? Is there not an old hymn which runs—"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed"? That sounds more sensible than a carefully drawn up document released to God at a specific time.

We turn to Jesus for His attitude towards God and His belief in prayer. Both appear constantly in His life. His power seemed to be rooted in them.

Towards God, Jesus lived in an atmosphere of wonderment. Nothing about God or His power could surprise Him, therefore His God could not be destroyed. Prayer appears as the natural flow of thought and desire between Himself and God. When He had something absorbing to do, He forgot His food, but prayer was still essential. It is in the simplicity of Jesus that His greatness is rooted. One can imagine Him in a modern laboratory with His eyes shining in interest as mysteries are revealed, because after all His God is back of it all.

South Dakota homes cling close to the treeless prairie

She Liked Preaching

STUDENT Summer Service leads all sorts of people to do all sorts of things!

Julia Kagin has been places. She was born in Georgia but until she was seven she lived chiefly in Korea, where her parents were missionaries. She grew up in Princeton, Boston, St. Paul; graduated from Macalester College and has been a student at Chicago Seminary for three years. Before entering Student Summer Service her experience had been wholly urban.

"They say that you like preaching," we suggested.

Miss Kagin laughed. "That is one of the surprises life has given me! When it was first suggested that I preach I said rather grimly, 'All right,' and then everybody who heard about it began telling me how glad they were not to be in my shoes!"

"Possibly you had the same experience as my daughter with her one and only sermon. She thought that she had an awful lot to say—but she was all through in ten minutes!"

"I didn't time myself, but I was through in a hurry. Maybe that is why the people liked it! In South Dakota summer Sundays are hot and there aren't any screens to keep the flies from buzzing around in church, so brevity partakes of the quality of mercy in a preacher! But preaching did something to me. It gave my self-confidence a boost and clarified my own thinking. I want to do some more."

"But preaching was only a part of your work in Student Summer Service."

"My main business was running vacation schools. Each one lasted two weeks, and then

I moved on. The enrolments ranged all the way from fourteen to seventy. Fortunately, the ministers had local help lined up for me, which made things easier. Many of the assistants were high school girls."

"How about the children?"

"They just loved it. Many had been looking forward to 'Bible school' all summer. Sometimes the little children cried when they could not come. I found rural children far more appreciative than city youngsters. They don't have so many contacts with the world. Some of the communities were rather primitive, others quite modern. At one place we had two little Indians in our school."

"How did you live?"

"In a suitcase! Much of the time I 'boarded around' among the people. It was a highly social experience suggestive of the life pattern of the gold fish. The hardest part was eating two big meals each day, with extra large ones on Sunday. A good stomach capacity is the first requirement for Student Summer Service. But this itinerant life had its advantages. By getting to know the children and their parents in their homes, I discovered both their interests and their needs. The contact also broadened out the children's view of the world."

"You liked South Dakota?"

"I can't offer much of a testimonial for the heat and the dust,

Julia Kagin

but I can highly recommend the people. They are incurably cheerful. Kidding each other about their troubles is a popular sport. Each year they are certain that the next one will be better."

"What did the summer do to you?"

"I discovered country people and their ways. For me it was a new experience and a happy one. Adjusting to so many situations increased my faith in myself. Preaching and teaching made my Christian faith 'come alive.' "

Chapels can be cheaply built of bamboo

Christian Homesteading in Mindanao

By Margaret Whitfield Tong

MINDANAO is next to the largest of the Philippine Islands and the last one to be settled. It has thousands of hectares of virgin timber and uncultivated land. When the Government in 1937 opened up this rich territory to homesteaders, it seemed the realization of a dream to hundreds of poor tenant farmers on the more densely populated islands.

With their household goods a group of thirty-eight families of farmers and laborers from Leon, Iloilo, came by boat to Cotabato, Mindanao. Leaving the women and children, the men pushed on with a member of the Bureau of Lands to stake out claims for their future homes.

First they had to build a "camaran" or sort of barracks to serve as a temporary shelter until more permanent buildings could be constructed. Trees were cut, land cleared, trails made. Then the men went for their wives and children, who soon became weary from traveling on foot. Discouraged, some sat down and wept. "If I had known it would be so hard I would never have come," they wailed. Long after dark, footsore and weary, they arrived. All the thirty-eight families lived under one roof for two months while

the men labored to construct individual homes.

This particular homesteading project was led by a Baptist minister. The first buildings to be constructed were the parsonage and the church, which were made of hand hewn lumber, seventeen by eleven meters, with galvanized iron roof. The church is supported by a ten per cent tithe on all the harvests.

The pioneers brought with them their carpenter tools, wooden plows, bolos, saws, axes, and garden tools, but they made all their furniture "on the spot." The women weave, make the clothing and help with the planting. Their food consists mostly of corn and rice, camotes and vegetables. Chickens are raised and fish caught in the river. The purchase of seed and provisions and the transporting of crops is managed coöperatively.

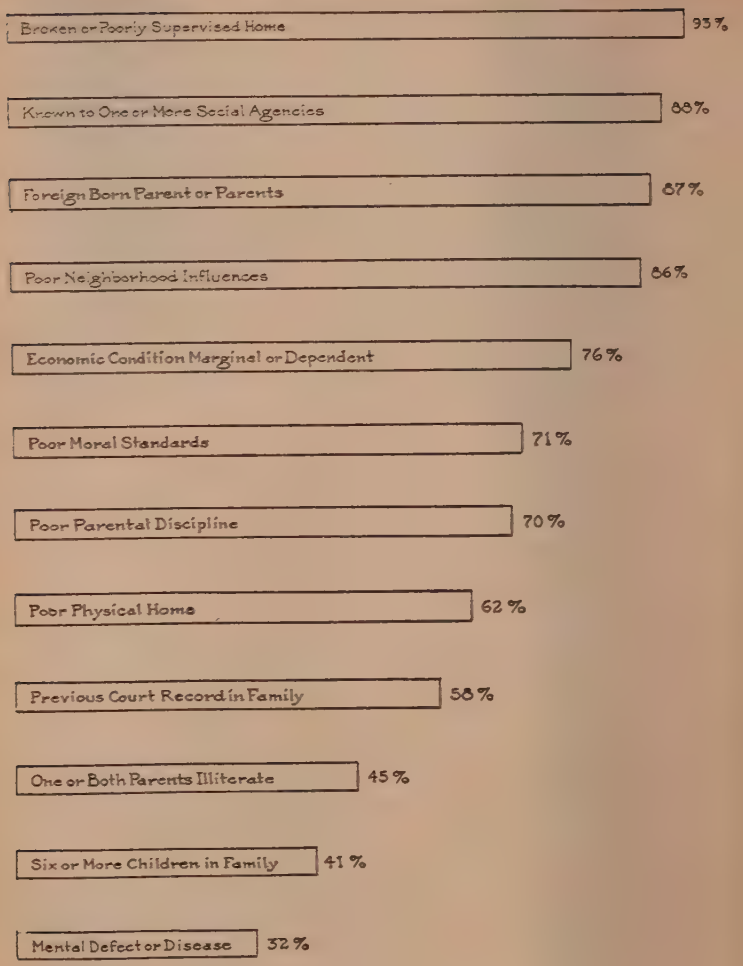
Other families have come to this new settlement in the wilderness until the number has grown to one hundred and twenty. Plans are underway for a school and a kindergarten. The church serves as the social center for the community. Services are held in the church on Sunday morning and afternoon and on Wednesday evening. Since everyone is a Christian, the regular attendance is around four hundred. The community is being laid out so that the church will be at the heart of a central green, from which the streets will radiate.

Rich soil and new settlements are beginning to spring up along the highways, so newly opened. Someone has said that twice the present population of the Philippines could be accommodated in Mindanao. We help in the national expansion and church building process by helping individuals and communities that are laying new foundations.

By interdenominational agreement we are responsible for Mindanao. The opening of large portions of the island for homesteading has greatly increased both our opportunities and our obligations. Unfortunately not all of the new settlements have a Christian Church at their heart. The Filipino churches need reënforcement that they may measure up to the possibilities of the present hour.

Dug-out canoes are useful

FAMILY BACKGROUND OF DELINQUENT BOYS



Based on statistics taken from "One Thousand Juvenile Delinquents," a survey made by Sheldon and Eleanor T. Glueck in Boston. This chart originally appeared in "Juvenile Delinquency in Massachusetts as a Public Responsibility," published by the Massachusetts Child Council in 1939

Why Are Some Boys "Bad"?

FOR a dramatic answer, read Richard Wright's breath-taking, unforgettable story, *Native Son*.

At first one feels disgust that such as Bigger Thomas should breathe the same air as the rest of us, but in the end one realizes that it is only our fortunate choice of ancestors which has kept us from being like unto him. Society has produced many Bigger Thomases—and not all of them are black!

What chance has a boy in your community? Are there wholesome ways in which he can exercise his abundant energies? Is it easy for him to develop a proper self-respect? How is a boy treated when he falls afoul of the law? Is his pride humiliated or is he handled with sympathetic human understanding?

These are questions which the church should take upon its heart. Why not discuss them in your adult class, your women's meeting or your men's club? As a starting point for your thought we would suggest the article, "The Juvenile Court—a Community Concern," in the February 15 issue of *Social Action*, which may be secured for 15 cents from the Council for Social Action at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

What chance does society offer this Brooklyn boy?

In his introduction, the author Benedict S. Alper, a Boston criminologist writes, "Of every two adults who will go off to a prison term tomorrow, at least one is labeled as delinquent in our juvenile courts today. Realizing that crime originates in childhood and youth and that treatment is more likely to be successful when it is applied early than when it is applied late, let us examine the best in principle and practice which has been developed by the juvenile court during the past forty years."

What Poverty Does to Religion

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

AMONG Chicago's Negroes, poverty and emotional religion go hand in hand. The greater the economic maladjustment, the higher the development of "escape" religion. This growth of the "holy rollers" among these Negroes parallels a similar increase in the emotional sects in the white population in both rural and urban regions.

Chicago's Negro problem is difficult. During the prosperous years before the depression, Negroes were encouraged to come north by city industries seeking a supply of cheap labor. The colored population increased rapidly, mostly from the southern states, until there are nearly a quarter-million in the city. The Negroes "piled up" south of the main business district in an ancient residential district which has seen no new building for many years. Some fifty thousand Negroes in the section are practically homeless. Over three-fourths of the families live four or more to a dwelling. Less than three per cent of the families have a residence to themselves.

Poverty and loss of morale result in unusual expressions of religion along South State Street. On a recent Sunday, one church window displayed the following notice:

> "Look! Black Esther is back from the National Convention with the sand of time. It will get you a friend at any time. Blessed nail will drive out all bad conditions. Incense that will draw anyone from any part of the world."

Apparently these magical articles were available to those who would attend the services and pay for them. There are numerous places which sell good-luck charms, but this was a church! Superstition and religion live close together in this section.

There are four types of semi-religious and religious institutions among Chicago Negroes.

First among them are the *good-luck parlors* which sell the poor and lonely Negro charms, powders and roots which will bring him friends, lovers, health and prosperity.

Store-front churches come next to save his soul and give him the ability to submit to poverty in the hope of heaven.

"*Big holy rollers*" is the name which might well be applied to a third type which is somewhat better in organization and theol-

Negroes have inherited these humble homes of fifty years ago

ogy but about as emotional as the store-front churches. These are large groups which have graduated out of the store-front class into the regular church buildings formerly used by white congregations. One big emotional church has ten thousand members and formerly claimed twenty thousand.

The final type is composed of the *community or institutional churches*, as Professor Samuel C. Kincheloe calls them. Our Church of the Good Shepherd is in this group. There are others, principally Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Catholic. These churches exist among the more prosperous and better educated Negroes. They generally have well-trained ministers and formal services, but smaller congregations than the "big holy roller" churches. Some of them maintain a sound program of social service and religious education.

The preaching in the store-front and "big holy roller" churches is concerned mostly with the love of God and personal religion. In many sermons this is curiously mixed. Conditions are blamed for the Negro's unfortunate plight, but at the same time he is exhorted to lift himself by his own boot-straps.

The appeal to Negro class consciousness may be the highest point in the sermon. "The whites are riding on the backs of the blacks." "Our race is

A haven for the distressed

up against so much!" "Rich Negroes who refuse to make a donation to redeem the race are worse than the whites, and that is bad enough." "You are just as good as the white woman you cook for at $3.50 a week. If you walked down the street with her you would be just two women." "We must break down the residential restrictions or we will be raising hell on the South-side."

These are verbatim utterances from a sermon in a "big holy roller" church; yet their own power for inciting to riot or promoting racial solidarity in political action was annulled by the very "religious opiate" with which they were mingled. "Jesus is coming and he will take care of things." "Be sensible about restrictions." "Control your emotions about Jim Crow discriminations." "Be decent and you will be respected." "Work! Don't wait for a WPA job to come along; find one." "Have regard for time. For God's sake stop hugging that pillow and

mattress! Get up! Be on time for work." "Nothing is worse than a lazy, sinful, senseless, good for nothing, low-down, sneaking, drunken, two-timing man who will not work!"

The preacher yelled at the top of his voice. "Lazy fathers, Oh God! And lazy mothers who go out on the streets for a fur coat while their children go to hell!" "Don't be a worm; you are a bird! You have feathers of purity. You have plumes of righteousness. You have wings of power. Fly, fly, fly! Don't crawl; fly!"

The congregation did most of its "flying" on the spot by shouting and hysteria. Six uniformed nurses walked through the congregation quieting those who lost control of themselves. The emotional release in such services probably prevents any direct action afterwards.

Poverty tends to produce "escape" religion regardless of race. Want surrounds even the "big holy roller" churches. Shirley E. Greene of Merom Institute, who accompanied the writer, had his locked car broken into and an overcoat stolen in broad daylight during a service. With winter coming on, the sight of a warm garment proved too great a temptation for some poor person.

(*In June, Mr. Tripp will discuss "Who Shall Lead City Negroes?" Readers are also referred to the April Issue of "Social Action" in which Horace Cayton discusses Negro housing in Chicago and to Richard Wright's best selling novel, "Native Son." Both deal with the same area that Mr. Tripp is discussing.*)

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e gift of personality given."—A Turkish Woman.

N STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

How Hogs Have Helped

By Harold Wiley Freer
Randolph, New York

I WANTED a snapshot of my friend. "If you don't mind," he suggested, "take my picture with my hogs!"

The words were characteristic of the man. Neill A. McLean is a graduate of Hampden Institute, a former instructor in an agricultural school and now director of Bricks Rural Life School in North Carolina.

Blooded Jersey Duroc hogs are his pride. Scrub stock of unknown lineage had run in the woods about Bricks with hardly enough pork on them to feed the family of the farmer, and totally unproductive of cash income. Then Neill McLean introduced the Durocs. Without talking, he raised them for market while the community looked on with concealed interest. These great fine hogs produced all the pork his family needed, while the surplus animals brought an excellent price. And the cost of feeding them had been only a trifle more than that for raising scrubs! The farmers saw the light. They bought blooded stock, and trucks now take their fine pork to market in Baltimore.

It was the same with chickens. They had been a motley breed, fit only "for the pot." Then came the white leghorns. The same trucks now pick up eggs and fryers also. The terribly low cash income of these Negro farmers increased noticeably.

The next step was the introduction of a family cow. Almost no one kept a cow. Milk just did not get into the homes. Several families now own a good cow. Milk for the host of children, butter for the table, and, once more, the trucks pick up another cash item. Butter and eggs and fryers and pork—there was no reason why these could not have been sold in years gone by. Yet no one had thought of it before the coming of Neill McLean.

Of course this was only a beginning. A Garden Club was organized. Prizes were given for the best flowers, for the finest landscaping. Everyone knows what happens when an unsightly house is surrounded with beautiful flowers. Out came the hammers and nails, and shingles and clapboards long neglected were repaired. But that was not enough. The extra cash income for the first time permitted the purchase of paint. Houses gray with age became gems of beauty as compared with their former condition. More than that, pride rightfully shone in the eyes of the farmer and his family. Had not an unpainted house become a beautiful home?

Neill McLean manages both hogs and people at Bricks, North Carolina

—A place where the family might gather in the cool of the evening, entertain a few neighbors, or just rest in enjoyment.

Farmers long neighbors now became friends, working together in farm projects, studying newer methods of crop rotation, experimenting with feeding, coöperating in the buying of fertilizers and seed. Duroc hogs had helped create a new community!

"HOW MUCH DO YOU HELP THE CHURCH?"

Reprints of this article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Phillips Endecott Osgood, rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, may be secured free of charge from the Missions Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Foreign Flashes

By Dorothy P. Cushing

Help for Turkey

Further news of the aftermath of Turkey's terrible earthquakes tells of Talas and its contribution to refugee sufferers through the use of our mission buildings as homes and convalescent hospital. Nurse Sylvia T. Eddy has worked unceasingly, earning the appreciation of patients and the Turkish doctors from the city. Upper Talas is filled with refugees slowly being reunited in families—where there are any members left. One wife, with a two months-old baby, rejoined her husband. This was the only child left of a family of four. This precious life was saved when the mother threw the baby under the bed. A costly item in rehabilitation will be replacement of cattle. Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard pushed into isolated regions on horseback through a 6,000-foot snow-packed mountain pass, to reach sufferers trapped in far-away villages. Fairly recent figures estimate 25,000 dead, 80,000 wounded, 30,000 houses wrecked, reports Paul E. Nilson of Talas.

Applied Honesty

Religion is not of much value if it doesn't work. When Baraokor Tataro, head printer in our Dansalan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands Mission, was made election inspector, Frank C. Laubach reminded him that here was a good project in honesty. The mayor presented eight hundred names to vote without the presence of the voters. "I can't allow it," said Baraokor. "Very well," said the mayor, "no names, no pay." To which Baraokor replied, "Never mind about the pay. I am not going to allow any false ballots." And he didn't. This incident, Mr. Laubach surmises, taught the mayor and the town more than a dozen editorials in *Lanao Progress* on the subject of honesty. Similarly when a Chevrolet salesman left a valuable catalogue at the mission and failed to return for it for several months, the boys borrowed it to read. The salesman finally returned. Mr. Laubach had not the faintest idea where it was—but his boys knew. They promptly brought it back. "Oh, well," said the salesman, "I wasn't worried for I knew all the boys working in your mission have been taught to be honest."

190 Miles on Foot

For the first time in about three years, Harold S. Matthews of Fenchow, Shansi, North China, was able to visit Christians in the distant outposts of Shansi and Shensi Provinces. He pushed ahead, mostly on foot, sometimes with a lift from a truck, into No Man's land where now Chinese, now Japanese, are in control. He found workers, churches, small isolated groups "carrying on" although shut off for years from outside contact with fellow Christians. He returned, a bewhiskered stranger, after WALKING 190 miles, with his heart high at what he had found and what he had been able to give in the way of comfort, courage and faith to those on the front lines. One Chinese educator traveled in from a distant point and waited twenty days in a small village in order to counsel with Mr. Matthews.

Her Life Began at Forty

A weak child whom the doctors said would not live to grow up, a mature woman who went to the tropics when over forty, and was told she must leave if she wanted to stay on this good earth—Miss Elizabeth Baldwin who died last November at the age of eighty, spent forty years in the South Sea Islands with her sister, Miss Jane. She learned the Truk, Gilbert, Marshall and Kusaian languages after she was forty. She personally read every verse in the proof of the Kusaian Bible and her sister says only one mistake was ever reported in a letter. Sometimes when she was doing this she was so ill she could sit up only fifteen minutes at a time. Miss Jane, left alone now, says, "We were like scissors working together."

A Tale of Adaptation

Hardly had Charles H. Riggs landed in Chengtu, the new home of the University of Nanking, when a rush order came for five hundred spinning wheels from the Chinese Coöperative Society, to be ready in less than a month. All he had to do was find sixty Chinese carpenters (none of whom had ever made spinning wheels); a place to work, *and* the material! Then the West China Medical and Dental College asked him to manage their mechanical plant. The steam heating in the library didn't heat. The hospital sterilizers didn't work. The printing press had a fire, leaving the equipment in a mess. His wife, Grace Riggs, teaches English and Bible classes, and helps out in the Agricultural Office. She reports that when her precious supply of coffee is exhausted she will make postum of molasses and whole wheat.

The worship center Johnnie helped build

He Likes His Church School

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

JOHNNIE is always ahead of time. The official hour for church school in the First Church of Montclair, New Jersey, is 9:45, but he arrives at 9:15. He would come even earlier if it weren't for that late Sunday morning breakfast. Sometimes

he sits at the "browsing table" and looks at pictures or reads while waiting for the "starting time" to arrive; sometimes he helps the leader and the teachers.

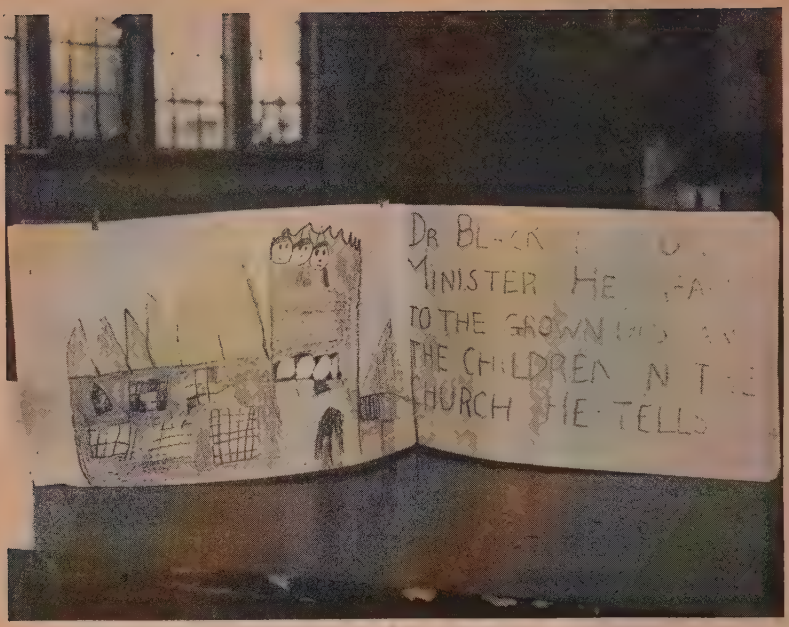
Something important is always happening in the Primary Department—Johnnie feels that he is really needed. "We do things," he once told his family.

There was the matter of the worship center. The children decided that it would be nice to have a special place to go when they sang and thanked God for their blessings. They wanted it to be their very own and not something somebody else had planned for them. Just to get some ideas they went to see the big church auditorium. They discovered that on one side was a place where the minister read the Bible and on the other a place where he preached. They said that they would like to have two places in their worship center, one for the Bible and the other for candles and flowers. The leader suggested that they make their own worship center. One Saturday the boys came with hammers and nails and with the aid of the janitor transformed one big box into two nicely painted "pulpits."

Everything in the worship center is child-size because it is the children who use it. They read the Bible, they choose the hymns, they offer the prayers. But they do not do it every Sunday in the same way. Sometimes the worship comes at the beginning, but more often it is at the end, and sometimes there isn't any. The most natural worship is when the children are doing something for somebody else, such as sending Easter baskets to the children in the convalescent home, trimming a Christmas tree and delivering it to a little lady who had a leg amputated, or making up a Thanksgiving basket for a blind lady. At such times the children find it easy to pray spontaneously.

Once Johnnie's class studied their church. They found that it was a group of people working together with the Spirit of Goodness and Love to make this a better world. On Sunday mornings they visited the furnace room, the ventilating room, the church proper, the choir loft, the guild room and the grounds. They talked with the organist, the minister's wife, who told them about the stained glass windows and also about the arrangement of the flowers for the altar, and the engineer, who explained the heating and ventilating of the church.

Johnnie was interested when somebody suggested that they write a book about their church. They began with big sheets of drawing paper which they later fastened together. The class would talk things over and then decide what should go into the book. They took turns doing the printing which was made



The book the first grade children wrote

large enough for everyone to see. Then they put in a great many pictures because for them this was easier than writing. The page they liked best showed the choir singing Christmas carols from the church belfry.

Then the class had another idea. They would build a church! Only instead of using brick and stone they would use cardboard, paste and crayons. They tried to make their little church just like the big church their fathers had built.

Spring is a happy time in the Primary Department because the children talk about Hope. Everybody is expecting things to happen—seeds to come up, bulbs to blossom, cocoons to hatch. This isn't just nature study such as they have in the public schools. The children see how things grow, but they also learn how man depends upon God. As spring follows winter, so is new life always coming into the world.

The biggest lesson that Johnnie has learned in the Primary Department is that though he is only a small boy, he can work together with God to make this a better world. That truth makes all of life interesting.

From the Red Sea to Aleppo

FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF DOUGLAS AND CAROL HORTON

FEBRUARY 6, 1939. Early we docked at Massaua on the African side of the Red Sea. Here we had our first taste of totalitarianism, for the boat was held for a whole day to permit an exalted Italian official to come aboard. Massaua is the port of the Italian colony of Eritrea.

About one o'clock, crowds began to gather in the open square which faced the dock. Natives came in groups large and small, beating drums, singing and massing themselves around the edges of the square. A group of chiefs stood patiently under vast red and yellow umbrellas for four solid hours. Italians came marching in, some in black shirts but more with white clothes and black sashes. The natives entertained themselves during the long wait by dancing. Two gorgeously attired women in red draperies, headbands, anklets and earrings went through stately steps, while the men carried on a one-two-three-drop movement forward and back, over and over, in what seemed nothing short of an endurance contest. It was hot enough in the shade of the deck: it must have been terrific out under the blazing sun—but the natives seemed used to it. His Eminence finally appeared with much ceremony. As far as we were concerned, his entrance into the first class part of the ship was the end of him, though we visited with his prize race horse up on our top deck.

February 12, 1939. D. H. made a round of the churches this morning with President Watson of the American University in Cairo, where we had arrived four days before. The Coptic services seem the last dusty essence of formalism. The women were allowed to attend but were relegated to a screened gallery high up under the eaves. The Evangelical churches were of an entirely different type: there was warm fellowship and a suggestion of intelligent participation in the service which was not evident among the Copts. In the evening, D. H. preached, speaking chiefly of the Madras Conference.

February 14, 1939. We were called at six o'clock and left the Cairo Hotel an hour later for the airport. By eight o'clock we were sailing over the desert for Port Said, where we landed before nine o'clock and whence

At the entrance to Arbela

in a few minutes we took off again. Our first view of the Mediterranean was from the air. Incredibly soon the coast of Palestine appeared and we were looking down on orange groves and flat-roofed houses. At ten-thirty we descended to the flying field at Lydda; in one hour and a half we had journeyed over the ground which it took the Children of Israel forty years to cover.

From the airport to Jerusalem we drove first over the Coastal plain and then into the Judean hills—greener than any we had seen since Japan, rocky, too, and starred with red poppies and lavender flowers we did not know. "Judean hills are lovely, Judean hills are fair." Finally we saw Jerusalem far off on its hilltop and climbed up the curving road toward it.

Through narrow, winding streets we walked to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. How pitiful the spectacle of divided Christianity there! Copts, Armenians, Orthodox, Roman Catholics—each group has its own quarters, its own shrines where the others do not come. A group of Coptic priests were holding a service before their tiny bit of a sanctuary while the priests of another rite glowered at them across the church. On Easter Day the church has

to be locked up, since that is the time when the various followers of the Prince of Peace are likely to riot and kill each other. This seems to be the end result of any type of Christianity which subordinates the spirit to the form: from this evil, up till the present time at least, Congregationalism has been delivered.

We went up steep stairs in the church to the living quarters of the Orthodox priests and chatted a few minutes with a lay brother who came from Salt Lake City originally, but for thirty years has been keeping the holy lamps polished and shining. On the roof we talked with the Abyssinians, for it is to the roof that they have been relegated. They make solemn marches around one of the cupolas. There were a hundred or so monks in evidence, one of whom, a sad-eyed, slender brother who coughed dreadfully, showed us the Abyssinian Bible.

At the end of the day we walked to the Garden of Gethsemane. It was a disappointment to find it all walled about with a church towering over it through which we must walk, but the olive trees in the garden itself bore a Biblical look, the air was sweet with the fragrance of violets and we could look over the wall to Jerusalem. We sat there quietly, full of thoughts and wonder.

February 15, 1939. After securing military passes from a pleasant British captain, we drove to Jericho and the Dead Sea. In the Jewish quarters of Jerusalem we noticed that our guide had worn a Jewish cap: in the Arab country he now donned an Arabian headdress. Our driver was obviously nervous, shutting his window whenever he saw an Arab near the road, as if he expected a bullet to come his way. The officer had advised us to accompany the convoy which traveled the road twice a day, but our guide and driver preferred to go on their own, knowing that the convoy sometimes became a target for snipers.

Winding steadily downhill, passing hardly a building after we left Bethany, we finally reached sea level and continued—down. At Jericho the excavations showed the old stone and mud walls of the ancient city. In the garden of the house in which Zacchaeus is reputed to have lived we bought some oranges.

In the afternoon, we went to Bethlehem to visit the Church of the Nativity. We found it much like that of the Holy Sepulchre—divided among the different sects. In the courtyard were sandbags, military trucks, barbed wire entanglements. The British Army holds sway and quarters itself in and around the church buildings! As we looked from the roof top to the hills from which, according to

He dug us out of the mud

tradition, the shepherds heard the message of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," we could not help noting the barbed wire on the hillside. Thus has man responded to the heavenly voice.

February 16, 1939. We had expected to see the temple area this morning, but an Arab policeman was shot there last night, and no one was allowed to enter.

Early in the afternoon we started for the Sea of Galilee by way of Haifa and the shore road, since the direct route had been the scene of skirmishes between the Arabs and the Jews. Tel Aviv is a most modern place where we were able to buy American coffee and cream. As we had to reach Tiberias before six o'clock, when the curfew sounds and the city gates are closed, the driver kept his foot on the accelerator. Enroute we passed more than one truck, burned to twisted bits, which

had run over a road mine. Our driver had a number of tales to tell of encounters on the very road over which we were passing. After leaving Nazareth we dropped below sea level, and the Sea of Galilee appeared, ringed in a circle of hills. Driving through Tiberias we pressed on to Tabgha and Father Tapper's hospice, where we spent the night—a charming spot, crowning a series of terraces built back from the water. We stood on the shore watching the sunset and walked for a little along the beach in the twilight.

February 17, 1939. After the calm of the evening before, we were amazed to find high waves on Galilee this morning. We were told that storms and quiet follow each other with amazing suddenness.

February 18, 1939. We went early to the American University in Beirut. What a site! Its buildings face the sea, with a background of snow-capped mountains beyond the far shore of the harbor.

February 19, 1939. This morning D. H. went with our host, Mr. Henry Riggs, to an Armenian service where "they" preached—D. H. in English, Mr. Riggs interpreting. Later they joined Mrs. Riggs and C. W. H. at the American Church, where D. H. preached again. We found Beirut full of delightful people.

February 22, 1939. When we reached Damascus there was great uncertainty as to whether or not the bus would start for Baghdad, since there had been heavy rains the day before. Finally a bus came in, three hours late, with the word that the desert was drying up—so we prepared to leave. The trip proved even more exciting than the anticipation, since we had not merely the broad sweep of the desert to enjoy but the thousands of pools and sloughs left by the recent rain to dodge. The

An Aleppo Street

bright sunshine faded in gorgeous gold behind us—the stars and a tiny moon came out—and we splashed and zigzagged on. We finally reached our terminus at Baghdad, eighteen hours after starting from Damascus. The name, Baghdad, conjures up no end of romance in the mind, but as to the actuality, drab in its ancient quarters and modernized in the rest, the less said the better.

February 24, 1939. From Hillah we started off in an open carriage. "How many miles to Babylon?" It was actually only three or four. We found the ancient pile with its Ishtar Gate and Procession Street and lions in relief on the old brick walls far more interesting than we had anticipated. The tower of Babel is now only a heap of sand surrounded by a moat, for the people have used it as a quarry. Babylon ruled its world for thousands of years—and we frightened a jackal from behind shrubbery growing in its main street. *Sic transit.* . . .

February 25, 1939. At Gurneh we rounded a curve and stopped before a fallen tree. Our guide assured us that it was "the Tree of Knowledge." We had known that we were in the Garden-of-Eden country, but had not been quite prepared to find the original tree. We learned later that the tree had been christened as such by the Anzac troops which had bivouacked here during the Great War.

The sun was shining brightly when we left Basrah, but presently we noticed that there were showers on either side of us and in a little while we looked into menacing black clouds ahead. At that our driver increased his speed and we jolted about on the back seat like two bits of popcorn over a fire. Finally the storm broke and in less than a twinkling the clay road was changed to a soapy mass, as slippery as ice. Time and again we slid sidewise off the crown of the road into the mire of the ditch. As frequently the driver's two assistants would jump out and push us back on the road positively refusing our aid. It grew worse and worse. When we seemed hopelessly mired, a tall bearded Arab with a long shovel came to our assistance and dug us out. He was drafted into service and taken along on the running board, protesting volubly all the while that his wife and his mother and all his other relatives would not know where he was; his fields would be ruined; his children would die. After each digging out he would point with tragic face to his wet aba and scarf, but that was only the signal for our three men to deluge him with words that he seemed to regard as worse than the rain—and he came along. When at last we slithered into Amarah and placed the requisite silver in his palm, the sun came out on his coun-

tenance and he left us bowing and smiling.

February 26, 1939. Travel by road being out of the question, we engaged space on a river boat. We went first-class—that is, we were given a pen ordinarily used for vegetables on the floor of which two pieces of straw matting had been thrown down. The captain of our sixty-foot *Queen Mary* looked at us anxiously as we surveyed our quarters but was cheered to learn that the Amarah hospital would lend us two cot mattresses to go on top of the matting.

Romantic is the only word for that trip down the Tigris. The sky was full of lovely clouds and the river of boats of all varieties. We spread a steamer rug in front of the pilot house and enjoyed the river's peace to the full. The evening brought a Maxfield Parrish sky and a crescent moon—and we waited as long as the night air would

The Arabs prepare for dinner on the Tigris

permit us before retiring to our "stateroom." This we discovered was situated directly over the engine, from which gasoline fumes poured up all through the night. It was therefore necessary to keep our door wide open, though it was just outside that the Arabs aboard slaughtered a lamb and feasted until dawn.

Believe it or not, we slept. At about four in the morning the little boat put in at one of the river ports and the engine stopped. We were awakened by the lovely minor chanting of the Koran at sunrise. As this was a time of special festival for the Shiite Moslems who live in this part of the world, their morning prayers were longer than usual. The pure music of devotion which drifted over the still waters of the river gave us a memory we shall always cherish.

March 1, 1939. The drive to Mosul was through the ancient kingdom of Assyria. We reached Arbela in the early afternoon; here it was that Alexander won the victory which opened his way to the Persian Empire and to India. Nineveh, which lies close to Mosul, is little more than a site, but it fills one with sentiments to remember that it was from here that the imperial armies left to sack Damascus and to take Samaria.

March 2, 1939. The fifteen-mile drive to the rail-head was exciting to say the least. We progressed by a series of wild leaps, hurdles and parabolic curves, splashing through bottomless pits of mud or making wide detours over the desert to avoid them. Miraculously we arrived—and stepped aboard the first modern sleeping car we had seen for months.

March 3, 1939. President and Mrs. Carleton were our hosts in Aleppo. This evening they invited the faculty of Aleppo College in and D. H. spoke informally and answered questions. In this part of the world, where the French influence is strong, one needs to know Turkish, Arabic, English and French. President Carleton's knowledge of these languages makes him a skillful guide through the bazaars as well as a ready interpreter at a service of worship.

March 4, 1939. The buildings of the Aleppo College are now rising rapidly on the new campus. (And how desperately needed is a new building for the Girls' School!) In the newly finished men's dormitory we were conscious of the wisdom which is being shown by the administration in keeping the curriculum academically free but suffusing it with the teachings of Christ. The question as to when a university ceases to be an institution for the discovery of truth and becomes a place of propaganda is uppermost in the minds of our missionaries—and I rather think that they lead the world in finding an answer to it.

Mott's Latest

By Brewer Eddy

Five Decades and a Forward View (Harpers) by John R. Mott contains seven lectures given before the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia during 1939. Naturally they cover the uprising of students in 1886 at Northfield under Moody, the sweep of the Student Volunteer and World's Student Movements, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the Edinburgh, Jerusalem, Madras Conferences, the Inter-Church World Movement, and the efforts at the "Home Base" which eventuated in lifting missionary giving to over fifty-five million dollars per annum.

The author out of his wide observation and experience, by the way, attributes the collapse of missionary giving in the last decade to the Depression, in addition to the tremendous increase in government taxation, and the development of a modern Nationalism which ever seeks self-saving isolation in church life as well as in international politics.

Toward the end of the book Dr. Mott looks ahead from the Madras Conference to stir new courage in the Christian churches of the world. The closing chapter offers a close analysis of Kingdom Statesmanship in its appraisal of the type of leadership that is now available and the various social, political, and moral problems that must find their solution if the Church of Christ is to win its objectives.

The most interesting feature of the book is the fact that Dr. Mott himself has been at the center of most of these great movements which he describes. From the Northfield Conference of 1886 through the organizing of the Intercollegiate YMCA Movement and the sweep of Missions among students and laymen of America, and out into every mission field, his has been the outstanding, guiding mind. Certainly in this series of world Christian conferences he has been not only the presiding officer but the center of the executive and directing bodies.

Dr. Mott is well beyond the seventy-year mark, and to those who have lived through this past generation he stands as the figure in the foreground of the Vision. None of this is mentioned, but those who read know it to be the fact.

The New American Hospital, Istanbul, Turkey

"THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL UNIT AT WORK IN SUSHEHRI HAS RETURNED TO ISTANBUL.

"Dr. Shepard, Leader of the Unit, gives his Impressions of his Journey to the Earthquake Area.

"Dr. Shepard was born in Gaziantep. He completed his education in America and returned to our country. He is a warm friend of Turkey.

"Our correspondent had an interview yesterday with Dr. Shepard."

The above formed the headlines of a recent edition of a Turkish newspaper. Then followed the interview—an interesting story of the effort of the unit of the American Hospital in Istanbul to help relieve sufferers from the worst earthquake in Turkish history.

The unit of six members, backed by the American Red Cross and Turkish Red Crescent, left Istanbul January third and returned on the second of February. They were able to give practical proof of the reality of the purpose of the American missionary in Turkey to assist that people in all emergencies and in every way possible.

Akira Ebisawa—An Appreciation*

By William Axling

It has been the writer's privilege to have been associated with Mr. Ebisawa in the work of the National Christian Council of Japan for a full decade and more, and I look back upon it as one of the most delightful relationships of my life.

In Mr. Ebisawa, the planner and the executor, the organizer and the inspirer are marvelously merged into a most forceful Christian leader. When Mr. Ebisawa came to the Council as its Executive Secretary this organization was uncertain of its function, had a very tenuous hold on its constituency and was groping for its goal. It knew that there was a crying need for coöperation and correlation among the Christian forces of the Empire but the church communions and the national Christian organizations which had set up the Council were jealous of their prerogatives and suspicious of anything that looked and acted like a super-organization.

This Japanese leader recognized that it was not as a supervising body but as a servant that the National Christian Council would discover its place and render its largest contribution, and his patience, his poise and his quiet leadership won the day. Under his guidance the Council has won the confidence and the loyal support of the entire Christian movement.

*As reported in our March "Personals" Mr. Ebisawa has relinquished the General Secretaryship of the National Christian Council and has become the Executive Director of the Kumiai Church of Japan,—a position similar to that of the chief executive of our General Council.

The writer of this tribute is a Baptist missionary of great leadership in interdenominational undertakings in Japan.

My friend is not only a born organizer and planner but he has the ability to make other men see what he sees and feel what he feels and pool their minds and hearts and resources in driving toward a great goal. In the Kingdom of God Movement Dr. Kagawa caught the vision and was the spearhead of that Christian crusade, but in the background was Mr. Ebisawa planning and mobilizing the Christian forces of the Empire.

This new leader of the Kumiai or Congregational forces in Japan is a man with a wide range of interests. I never knew a man—except Kagawa—with so many irons in the fire and able to keep them all red hot. Not only the Council with its many angled program but the Sunday School movement, religious education in the large, Christian education in particular, Christian literature, rural reconstruction along Christian lines, aggressive evangelism at home and abroad—all of these have been and are to him matters of major concern and into these various fields he pours his best brain and his last ounce of energy.

Mr. Ebisawa is also one of the most voluminous writers in Christian circles in Japan. During his Secretaryship of the National Council he was editor of five different publications: "The Council Bulletin," "The Kingdom of God Weekly," a monthly entitled "Religious Education," the "Overseas News" and the "Christian Endeavor

News" as well as a very large number of pamphlets and publications.

In his heart of hearts, however, Rev. Akira Ebisawa's most impelling urge is to preach the Gospel. Health considerations entered into his decision to resign as Executive Secretary of the National Christian Council, but his desire to enter a field where he would have more time and opportunity to give himself to the "cure of souls" was one of the controlling and determining factors.

He will be sorely missed at the Council headquarters and in Council circles, but we rejoice that the forward-looking Japan Congregational-Christian Church is going to have the advantage of his rich experience and effective leadership. Personally I bid him God-speed as he enters his new field of service.

Cheyenne Calls Outerbridge

Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge has accepted a unanimous call from the First Church in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and is at work.

He brings to his new task a wealth of experience gained in varied service at home and abroad, and a well earned reputation for lavish expenditure of thought, time and energy in the work of the Kingdom. He has been our chosen leader in "unified promotion" for nearly four years, serving as the Executive Secretary of the Missions Council since June 1936. Before that he was Associate Secretary in the Home Department of the American Board for several years, and an agricultural missionary under that Board in North China from 1925 to 1931.

The HERALD joins with his many friends on both sides of the Pacific in wishing him and Mrs. Outerbridge a long and fruitful service in their new field.

Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge

Personals

The many friends of **Warren H. Denison** will be interested in some of the work that he has been doing of late. On March 27 he wrote us that in eight weeks he had covered 4500 miles and given 93 addresses; that he was still alive to tell the story; that he had a wonderful time, though weary to the bone. He spent a month in Superintendent Lindeman's Southwest District, two weeks in Texas helping out four prominent churches along the line of Church Efficiency. Then he spent two weeks in Oklahoma, where, by the way, they liked his work so much that the chairman of one of the church boards took him into a hat store and presented him with a real Stetson!

From Oklahoma he went into Iowa where he spent four full weeks with Superintendent Montgomery and his associate, Ralph Noyce. The entire program in this state was on Christian Stewardship and Church Finance. Sixteen institutes or clinics were conducted.

Men like our brother were in the mind of Dinah Muloch when these words were written:

"Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are—chaff and grain together—certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away."

Mrs. John Henry House has prepared an account of the life of her husband, which, under the title *A Life for the Balkans* has been published by Revell, with a preface by John H. Finley. The Houses went to Bulgaria in 1872 and retired from active service in 1925. Dr. House died in 1936. His most notable achievement was the founding and developing of the American Farm School in Thessaloniki; here it was demonstrated that on land showing no promise of fertility crops could be increased twenty-five per cent. His son Charles is now head of this school. Dr. House was also one of the most important workers in the rescue of Ellen Stone from the brigands.

Rev. Arthur Christofersen, whose arrival from South Africa was announced in our last issue. has had for years the supervision of the churches along the lower South Coast of Africa and in the Ifafa district. It has been a strenuous task, especially when the furloughs of associates have added part of their tasks to his. He is an alumnus of Shurtleff College and of Croser Seminary and received his M.A. from the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Julie Rau whom he married after graduation, was also a graduate of Shurtleff College; she has preceded him in coming to this country on furlough, by the way. They were appointed to Africa in 1915.

Mr. Lloyd Galloway who has served as a student pastor in the Southeast during the past three summers, has been called to the

pastorate of the First Negro Church of Greensboro, North Carolina. He began work on February 4. Mr. Galloway received his education at Morgan College and Chicago Theological Seminary.

Rev. T. Ota is the new pastor of the Japanese Church at Salt Lake City, Utah. Rev. M. Tanaka, the former pastor of this church, was detained in Japan when he went there a few months ago for his family.

Rev. Porter French has been called to the Buena Vista (Colorado) Church. He began work about February 1.

For the last four years **Rev. W. A. Smith** has been the Congregational minister in the Theodore Roosevelt ranch country at Medora and Sentinel Butte, North Dakota. He has recently accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Spring Valley, Wisconsin.

Rev. Charles J. Stanley has resigned from the First Church of Anniston, Alabama. **Rev. Elmo C. Tatum,** formerly of the First Church of Gadsden, Alabama, will be the new pastor at Anniston. Mr. Tatum is a former Student Summer Service worker.

Rev. Charles Walker has accepted the pastorate of the First Church of Meridian, Mississippi. He began work on February 4th.

Chronicle

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Winthrop Fairbank of the Marathi Mission, India arrived March 10 in Portland, Oregon for their furlough. Mr. Fairbank's parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were missionaries of the American Board. After graduating from Amherst in 1920 he went to Vadala, India where his parents were stationed for a three-year term of service. On returning to America he took the Hartford Seminary course, marrying a year before graduation Miss Marie Lively of Stroud, Oklahoma, an alumna of Park College, who had studied two years in the Kennedy School of Missions. (Both of them received an M.A. degree from Teachers College, Columbia University in 1933.) They were married in 1926 and were appointed by the American Board to India. There Mr. Fairbank specialized in agricultural work and soon established and headed a Vocational School, where children are given useful training in simple agriculture, carpentry, masonry, poultry raising, and the simpler academic subjects.

Rev. Joseph Langdon Moulton arrived from India on the same ship with the Fairbanks. He was accompanied by his daughter Ellen; his wife had preceded him to America. Mr. Moulton's station is Rahuri, India where he is district supervisor of schools and churches and every year travels hundreds of miles on foot, on a bicycle, by bullock cart, and by auto. His work gives him close contact with the village people and he has a profound knowledge of the real India.

Mr. Moulton was born in Middle Haddam, Connecticut; graduated

from Bates College in 1915 and from Hartford Seminary three years later. He was married to Miss Florence Hooper of Raymond, Maine and of Bates College, in 1917. They were appointed to India by the American Board in 1918. As is the case with practically every missionary in a one-man station, he was relocated several times according to the needs of other stations; so he has served in Vadala, Satara, and Sholapur.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. Robert W. McClure and **Miss Eunice Thomas** in Foochow March 6, returning to the Foochow Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Ralph L. Abraham arrived in Durban, Natal, South Africa in February, rejoining the Mission.

Miss Nellie M. Walker arrived at Inanda, Natal, February 2, rejoining the South Africa Mission.

Miss Margaret Hinman rejoining, and **Miss Erma M. Carl** joining, the Near East Mission arrived in Izmir last September, on the 25th.

Mrs. Mary E. Hemingway, Miss Isabel Hemingway, R.N., returning to the North China Mission, arrived at Taiku, Shansi, China, in February.

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Jesse K. Marden sailed March 23 on the *S. S. Manhattan* from New York for Greece, returning to the Near East Mission.

Miss Esther L. Hibbard sailed March 24 from San Francisco on the *President Pierce*, returning to the Japan Mission.

Miss Ruth Cowles is booked to sail April 20 from New York on the *Zaandam*, returning to the South Africa Mission.

DEATHS

On March 26, at Redwood City, California, **Rev. R. R. Shoemaker, D.D.,** former Superintendent of the Southwest District from 1924 to 1937.

On Tuesday, April 2, in Boston, **Miss Olive M. Wormelle,** Cashier's Assistant, American Board.

In Memoriam

Dr. Leonard Fisk Wilbur, American Board physician at Taiku, China, died Easter morning of typhus, a cable informs us. During the first four months of the Sino-Japanese War Taiku was in the danger zone, and the wounded poured in from the north. After the city was taken by the Japanese, food and fuel were scarce. The doctor crowded his patients into one half of the hospital and he and his family lived in the kitchen—to conserve heat. The compound soon filled with refugees.

"Do not be too concerned about us: the more trouble there is the more we will be needed," he wrote home.

He had won his way into the hearts of the Chinese, as of his American colleagues, through the genuineness of his Christian character and his unselfish spirit. After he had saved the life of a Chinese villager's wife by giving his own blood for a transfusion, the husband published a statement in the Taiku paper which ended with the words:—

"My grateful heart finds no way to

repay, so I venture to publish this testimonial."

Dr. Wilbur was born March 2, 1907 in Los Angeles, son of Judge Curtis Wright Wilbur, former Secretary of the Navy. He took his B.A. from the Stanford Pre-Medical Course, and his M.D. 1933 from Stanford Medical School. His uncle Lyman, by the way, was President of Stanford University. But Dr. Wilbur worked his way entirely through his educational course by his own wish. He was intern for two years in the Hospital University of Pennsylvania. He married Miss Jean Spaulding, also of Los Angeles, and a B.A. and M.A. of Stanford University, with experience as a research assistant, and that same year, 1933, they were appointed by the American Board to China, where, although Dr. Wilbur's chief interest was internal medicine, he was thrust of necessity into surgical and administrative work as well. He won the respect, confidence and love of his associates. There are two children of five and three years.

Dr. Thomas Spees Carrington died on January 22 in Los Angeles. He was in charge of medical work in Merzifon under the American Board, 1898–1904, then tried to start a hospital in Istanbul, but withdrew from the Board in 1909. He spent some time in China, later. Born August 12, 1868 in New York. Studied in the Colorado School of Mines, in the Gross Medical College, Denver, the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and in the Jefferson College Laboratories. Married Phoebe W. Jacques 1891. Practiced medicine in Philadelphia. Appointed to Turkey 1897.

Missionaries and friends of the American Board who have resorted from time to time to the Cashier's window at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, will cherish grateful memories of the modest, courteous and cheerful woman who cashed their checks for them.

Miss Olive Wormelle was with the Board twenty years, and well merited the eulogy of Treasurer Belcher when he recalled on the day of her death "how faithful and conscientious she was in all her work, how unfailingly courteous and helpful to those who came to her window."

Miss Wormelle died suddenly of heart failure at the Palmer Memorial Hospital in Boston. She had been subjected, however, for some time to attacks of bronchitis. She was sixty-six years of age at the time of death.

Cornelia Storrs Bartlett, who died at the age of eighty in Claremont, California on March 21, was the founder of kindergartens in Smyrna, Turkey. Born in her mother's birthplace, Columbus, N. Y., in 1860, she was a child of seven when her parents went in 1867 to Cesarea as missionaries of the American Board. They moved to Smyrna in 1878. Cornelia, like her mother, studied at Mount Holyoke Seminary (Class of 1880) but instead of graduating, spent a year in Wellesley College. She graduated in 1884 from the Normal School of Minneapolis, then joined her parents in Smyrna where she started and taught her kindergarten. In 1890 she was given full appointment by the American Board.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1, 1939 to February 29, 1940	$55,972.89
Month of March, 1940 . .	5,960.02
Total for 10 Months ended March 31, 1940 . . .	$61,932.91

American Missionary Association Division

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

The General Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Moderator: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

Secretary Emeritus: Rev. C. E. Burton *Secretary and Minister:* Rev. Douglas Horton

Associate Secretary: Rev. F. L. Fagley *Treasurer:* Mr. A. Y. Meeker

The General Council is a voluntary organization to provide for mutual counsel and inspiration. It gives unity to national organizations in that the voting membership of the Council constitute the majority membership of the Home and Foreign Boards, making joint action possible.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

President: Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Robert L. Bowen, Rev. Edward C. Boynton, Miss Elizabeth J. Hurlbut

Executive Vice-President: Rev. Fred Field Goodsell *Treasurer:* Harold B. Belcher

Recording Secretary: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

The American Board maintains missions in East, West and South Africa, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, the Philippines, Micronesia, Mexico, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and Syria.

In nearly all fields, in spite of reduced appropriations and depleted staff, the work has moved forward. In South Africa exploitation, the race issue, and the social effects of industrialization have created many problems. In the Far East the war clouds hover, and life is regimented. Christian living is difficult. Nationalism is hindering progress in some countries. The spirit of evangelism is especially strong in the Philippines and in West Africa. In India the five-year plan is producing encouraging results.

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

General Offices, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

President: Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown

Vice-Presidents: Rev. H. S. Hardcastle, Mrs. Charles E. Reidt, Rev. George C. Vincent

Executive Vice-President: Rev. William F. Frazier *Treasurer:* William T. Boult

Secretary: Rev. Ernest M. Halliday

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches has been appointed as agent by each of the Congregational Home Missionary Societies. The field work of these corporations is now administered by this one Board, but the original corporations are still in existence and hold title to their own assets. Any bequests, therefore, may properly be made directly to these corporations, or to the Board of Home Missions. The essential work of the Board of Home Missions is to preach and teach and to help others to preach and teach the Gospel of Christ.

The Council for Social Action

287 Fourth Avenue, New York 19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Alfred W. Swan

Treasurer: Elbert A. Harvey *Executive Director:* Rev. Dwight J. Bradley

The Council for Social Action represents the churches in the fields of social research, education and action. It seeks to serve the churches, and to help the churches serve the nation and the world in the areas of social strain—international, industrial, racial and rural.

Missions Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 287 Fourth Ave., New York City 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Vaughan Dabney *Associate Executive Secretary:* Mrs. William H. Medlicott

The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board of Directors of the Board of Home Missions under authority of the General Council to effect a unified program of missionary education and promotion. The support of our Mission Boards depends upon current gifts, legacies and the income from invested funds. Local churches may ordinarily secure information directly from their own state office. Persons not knowing to whom to write locally are invited to communicate direct with the Missions Council, for literature, educational plans, slides, speakers, and information.

Miss Ethel Lucas
1050 Spruce St.
Berkeley, Calif.

THE AMERICAN BOARD

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NEW WORKERS NEEDED

The American Board must fill the gaps in the thin line overseas. Twenty and more new recruits this year have been authorized by the Prudential Committee—if the necessary money can be found.

The Board seeks extra gifts from loyal friends to meet travel expenses and the first year's support for these workers.

"MAY FOR THE AMERICAN BOARD"

Will churches and friends send extra gifts during the month of May to share in this needed advance?

1. Will pastors preach a missionary sermon in May?

2. Will churches gather a special offering for the Board?

3. Will individuals make extra subscriptions toward these new workers?

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Write to the Board for plans and information and material